

Repetition

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Summary: A take at chapter seven Repetation of New Moon. What if Bella went inside at The Cullens place that day? what If someone was there? What if that someone was Edward? A what if that I wrote for the first time. A one-shot.

Repetition

****Hello everyone. The other day when I was going through New Moon I suddenly wished to know what would have happened if Bella went inside during chapter seven. Here's a little one-shot that had been running around in my head. I hope you like it. I am just writing it for fun.****

****I don't own Twilight. Stephanie Meyer does.****

****P.S; do check my other story out. I'll be very grateful to you.****

Repetition.

****_I approached the barren, vacant face slowly, my truck rumbling out a comforting roar behind me. I stopped when I got to the porch stairs, because there was nothing here. No lingering sense of their presence... of his presence. The house was solidly here, but it meant little. Its concrete reality would not counteract the nothingness of the nightmares_****

I was afraid. I pondered whether to go inside or not. What would I find in there anyway? The furniture covered with sheets, the beautiful paintings on the walls all gone, and the sight of the river all creepy right now. Or the black couch, the wall covered with shelves of CDS, the view of mountain from _his _room.

I felt like I would crumble down. I needed to get the motorcycles repaired, I needed to see Jacob. But I wanted _him._ I wanted to know

that _he _still existed. My heart pounded loudly, I felt cold as usual. Alone, haunted, hurt, vulnerable.

I took a deep breath before opening the front door. My hands shook. It was same from inside, more or less. Everything was in the same position, but white sheets covered everything except _his _piano. The walls were bare. Dust covered every surface. For once there were cobwebs. The place was dark, it looked haunted. My footsteps echoed as I went upstairs. Trailing my fingers over the filthy railing.

Moisture tickled my cheeks, but I didn't care. I was in front of _his _bedroom. How many times had both of us spent our afternoons cuddling on the couch? How many times had he played piano for me?

Everything was gone... just like them.

With shaking hands, I turned the doorknob. The first thing that I noticed was that his room wasn't like downstairs. There were no sheets, but it was filthy.

A figure was curled up, facing the glass wall, a figure too familiar. The unruly bronze hair that I used to play with.

"Edward," I choked out in a broken whisper. I was gasping for air. The unmoving statue which was Edward sighed, more like moaned. A cry that I'd never heard from his mouth. I walked over to him, sitting down on my knees, studying his face. He was staring outside with a blank look. My memory of him hadn't done him justice.

There were dark purple shadows under his eyes, darker than I'd ever seen.

"Edward," I whispered.

He turned his head. His eyes were coal black. They held nothing, no spark that lit up his face, lifeless, dark and empty.

He snorted, "I am going mad now. Hearing your voice in my head was enough and now I am hallucinating," he broke twice on his words, "I hurt you a lot, Bella. I wish I could say that I am so sorry. I wish I could tell you that I love you and I always will," he sighed and looked away, "I am hurting you in my hallucinations too. I must be very good at hurting people."

A strangled scream escaped his lips. He covered his face with his hands.

He looked up, a moment later, outside again. "I am a monster. I saw the real you today, you know. I wasn't sure how I could stay away from you. I just wanted to grab you and never let go again. But it would be so selfish of me. You were getting better. Who cares about someone like me? I would leave this world, you know. After you are gone, then I'll go to the Volturi. Maybe we could stay together somewhere, a place with no monsters, just the both of us."

I was angry and sad and happy at the same moment. Angry because how could he think like that. Sad because I couldn't see him like that. Happy because he was here. I crossed my legs and scooted close to

him. "Look at me."

He turned his head to look at me with those blank dark eyes. I brushed my fingers over his smooth face, over his temple, his cheeks and his strong jaw. He sighed at my touch.

"I am here. You are not hallucinating or something. I am really here," I cried. He went still.

"Say something," I whispered.

"You are here," he said in disbelief. I nodded; my vision was blurry because of tears.

"Bella," it was sob.

Then his lips were on mine. And I couldn't fight him off. I did not want to fight him off. Our boundaries didn't matter. All that mattered was him. Just the two of us, together. I kissed him back, my hands trailing over his face, memorizing, just like he was doing. There was no hole in my chest. I was complete. It was as if there was no hole at first place. He pulled me to his lap; my hands went to his hair from his shoulder. He gripped me tightly, as if worried to let go. He broke off because of my need to breath. His lips brushed along my neck. He placed his forehead over mine.

The blank look was all but gone. He stared at me with his dazzling eyes. His thumbs brushed away my tears. "I love you," I murmured.

"I love you too, Bella. I am so sorry. I shouldn't have-" he started.

I shushed him, "I know. Don't you ever talk like that again; do you understand? No going to the Volturi or I'll kill you myself." I threatened.

He laughed a very soothing sound to my ears. I raised an eyebrow.

"Yes, I understand. I'll never ever think like that." He kissed the tip of my nose.

"Good for you," I grinned. I had almost forgotten how to smile. I buried my face between his shoulder and neck.

"Don't leave me again please." I breathed in his scent.

"Never," he said rubbing my back soothingly.

There were many questions, but I didn't care about them. I was alive. Who cared about being reckless? It didn't matter anymore. I was whole. Who knew about our future? No one could ever separate us. Nobody could take him away from me.

It was like he was holding me here, to this world now. School, job or faking happiness did not matter. I was finally happy. I was home with my beloved.

Edward held, for how long, I did not know. We stayed like this. I didn't want this to end. I wasn't worried about my rumbling truck

outside; I wasn't worried about visiting Jacob. All I cared was him.
The vampire who held me.

"I love you forever," he said. I was complete.

Thank you for reading.

Sacraa.

End
file.